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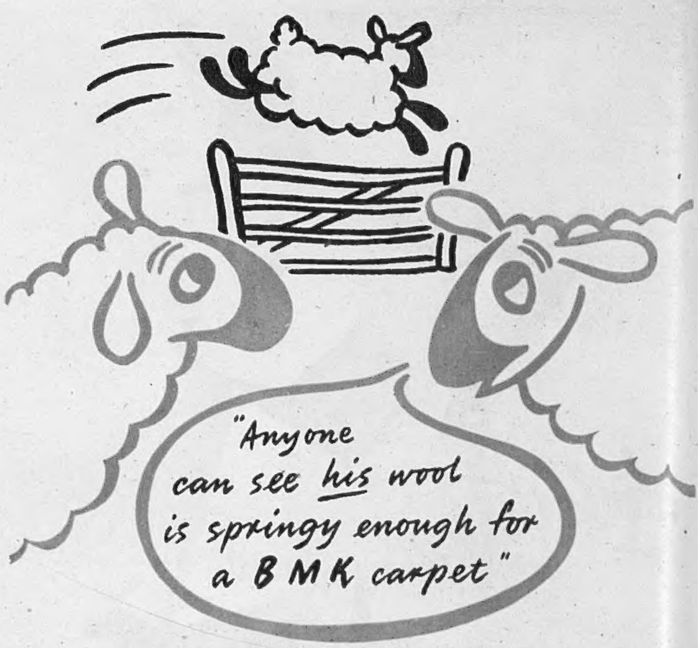

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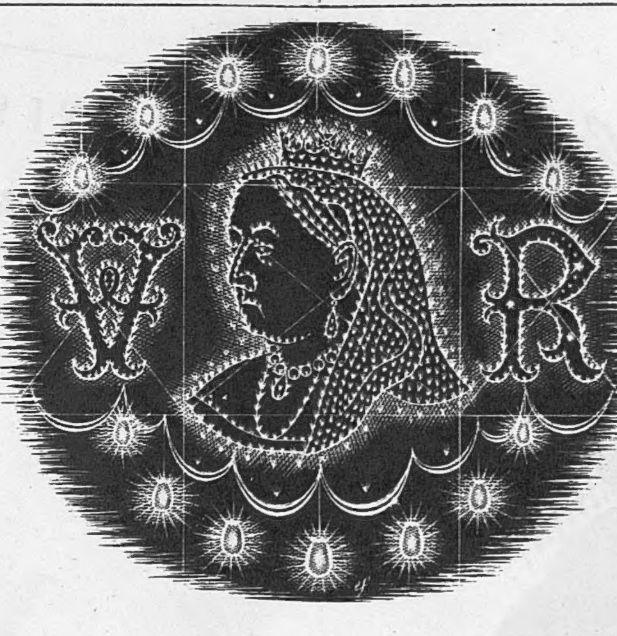

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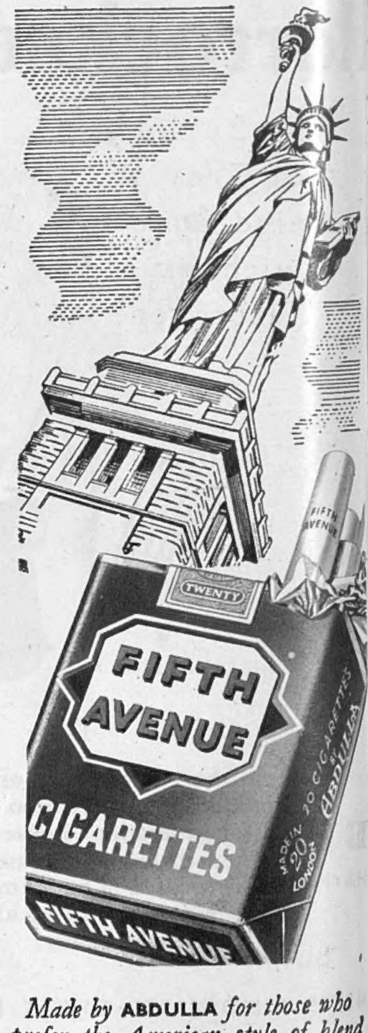

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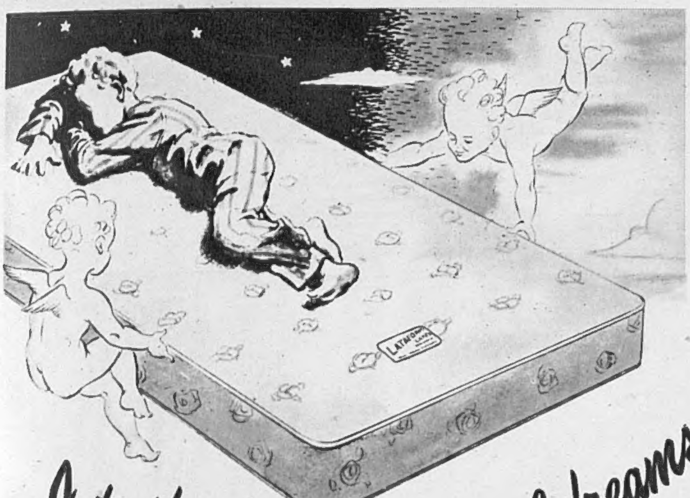

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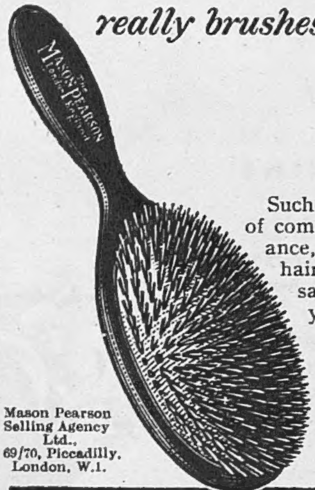

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1950

GAIETY GIRL: 1950

KIM KENDALL is making a big success as Jacqueline in the revival of *Me and My Girl*, with Lupino Lane, at the Winter Garden. She will also be his first Gaiety Girl when, some time this year, he reopens the Gaiety Theatre. [Photographed by ANTHONY BUCKLEY.]

The Sketch
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INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER
ALAN MELVILLE
C. A. LEJEUNE
J. C. TREWIN
RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

Sheep replace deer in Windsor Great Park, now that the King has decided to continue farming at Windsor.

Sketch-Book

Beverley Baxter

EVERY four or five years a politician has one day of glory, which is about the proper ration. That day of glory will come this year on February 23.

An election is a drama which combines humour, pathos, excitement and suspense. There, on the streets, in the shops and in the houses, are the masters who, by the marking of a cross, will choose their Parliamentary slave for the next Parliament. What are they thinking? What are they saying to each other? Have they made up their minds or are they still in a condition of gestation?

The climax of the drama is, of course, when the people go to the poll. The candidate is up bright and early like a girl on her wedding day, and his wife proudly pins the party rosette on his coat. Waiting for him at the door is an eager voluntary worker who has been driving the candidate throughout the election for the reason that no politician is regarded as a safe motorist at such a time. The car is plastered with posters urging the people to vote for Snooks and Liberty, and in a few minutes it is on its way for a tour of the committee-rooms.

This is like going around the front line, for here are the shock troops who really do the fighting. Day after day and night after night they sit there addressing envelopes, handing out circulars, answering questions, arranging cars to pick up voters, answering the telephone while munching a sandwich, talking to crackpots, spying on the opposition, preparing surveys of the voting and then checking up so as to make sure that every known or suspected supporter has actually registered his or her vote.

By election day the candidate, who is regarded as rather a nuisance in the early period of the fight, has become their champion, their knight in shining armour. When he arrives at a committee-room they actually look up from their lists and smile at him. He asks how things are going, and they tell him what they know, which isn't very much. In the meantime his wife is distributing smiles in all directions, while outside in the street a small boy gazes gloomily at the festooned car.

Then off goes the candidate to another committee-room, where again he finds more strange

people, more volunteer front-line troops. Some of them he has never seen before and may not see again. There must be a hidden sect in every constituency which only comes from its hiding-place when a General Election takes place. When the tumult and the shouting dies, they steal away to their caves and appear no more until next time.

THERE is also, of course, the personal rivalry of the different candidates which adds spice to the day. Now that the loud-speaker has added its horrors to electioneering, you can hear your opponent approaching half-a-mile away. Listen to the silly mutt—as his voice penetrates the windows and the street doors, sounding like Jove addressing the Olympians :

" Good morning. Good morning. This is Harold Peabody, your Liberal candidate, speaking. Good morning. What a fine day we 've got, just the weather for a Liberal victory. Vote Liberal and be happy. This is Harold Peabody, your Liberal candidate. When your housework is finished, ladies, don't forget to vote. Peabody, the man you can trust. Don't forget. Peabody 's the name."

Like the trumpet of doom, it is impossible to avoid that magnified voice. The invalid in her bed, the lodger in his bath, the dentist at his chair, the baby in its cradle. . . . There is no sanctuary anywhere in modern electioneering.

The voting starts slowly. There hardly seems more than a trickle of people going into the booths, but as noon approaches the crowds get bigger. But the riddle of the sphinx is still unanswered. We shall not know until perhaps two o'clock in the morning.

Luncheon is a welcome respite for the candidate, and he is able to take the smile off his face—which is not as easy as it sounds. I have known politicians whose features never recovered from the fixed distortion of voting day. When luncheon is over the candidate starts off in his car again for another tour of the front line.

By this time things are hotting up. Rumours are flying about like wasps, and runners come up breathless to tell you that they are laying 6 to 4 in your favour. An hour later the quotation slumps to 5 to 4 but rushes up to 2 to 1 as the polling closes.

This betting business is one of the unfathomable mysteries of election day. Who lays the odds ? Where do they do it ? Is it cash betting or does it go on the book ? And who are these strange men who arrive out of breath at the committee-rooms and hoarsely declare the latest odds ?

Only a few minutes to go and the streets are crammed with excited people. All three candidates are whirling about the district like demented sheep-dogs trying to round up the stragglers into the booth. " Only ten more minutes for you to vote for Harold Peabody, your Liberal candidate. Have you voted ? Hurry ! Hurry ! Nine more minutes. Nine more minutes to save England for Harold Peabody, your Liberal candidate."

The last vote is cast, and the ballot-boxes are carried to the town hall or the schoolhouse, where they will be counted. Some kind soul in the constituency always asks the candidate and his wife to dinner. He is tired out and flops into a chair, but a whisky and soda pulls him together and he asks everybody in turn how the election has gone. As they do not know, they tell him.

" Your tie is crooked," says his wife, with the unquenchable maternalism of the female in moments of masculine self-glorification.

MEANWHILE, the scene of the counting is like a casino and horse-race combined. The course is laid out and there are three starters. At the tables men are sorting the ballot-papers, and when 500 are reached (the system varies, but this is the usual number) they are tied in a bundle and put on the race-track. Thus at a glance you can see exactly who is in the lead and by how much.

The three candidates prowl about in an agony of uncertainty and then a shout goes up that Tory Snooks has taken the lead from Socialist Smith. Harold Peabody stares gloomily at his bundles of ballots. The other two fellows are away out in front, and he knows that he will never catch them. A haunting fear comes over him that he may lose his deposit. And he had worked so hard. . . . Midnight. . . . One a.m. . . . The room is suffocating and the supporters of all three parties crowd around the tables and watch the sorting with a fascinated glare. There are shouts as it is seen that another package of 500 is ready to add to Snooks' score, but Smith counters with 500 Socialist ballots. No one looks at the candidates or cares about them. This is Monte Carlo *in excelsis*. This is the big table where the stakes are high. . . .

And then it is over ! The Town Clerk stands up and calls for silence. Harold Peabody leans listlessly against a pillar and lights a cigarette. Tory Snooks' face is flushed and his eyes are shining, but with just a suggestion of moisture in them. The Town Clerk reads out the figures and then says : " Therefore I declare that Mr. T. S. Snooks has been elected Member of Parliament for the Division of Mushwell-on-Sneeze."

Mrs. Snooks throws her arms around her husband and then adjusts his tie, which has fallen over one ear. His chairman and supporters surge about him, clapping him on the back and pummelling any part of his anatomy which is available. Then the three candidates are called to the platform.

Happy, beaming Tory Snooks says that it was a tough fight but a clean one (Hear ! Hear !). His opponents fought hard but like Englishmen (Hear ! Hear !). " I feel," he says, " that this result is not so much a tribute to me (" Yes it is ! " " You 're right it isn't." " Order ! Order ! ") as it is a vote of confidence in that very great Englishman Mr. Churchill." (" Hooray ! " " Stuff and nonsense." " What about letting us hear Smith now ? ")

As the runner-up, Smith gets a tremendous ovation. Not only do the Socialists cheer, but so do the Tories, for there is nothing they like so much as a loser—especially if he is a Socialist. Mr. Smith says it was a tough fight and he must admit that there was a certain amount of misrepresentation by Snooks. (" No ! " " Yes ! " " Nothing of the sort." " You bloody well know there was." " Order ! Order ! ")

Harold Peabody is the last to speak. He says that it was a clean fight except for some pretty dirty things that both the other fellows did. He didn't complain about that, of course, but it would be better if now and then the other parties would emulate the Liberals and tell the truth.

No one interrupts him. Like Hamlet he is mortally wounded, and the rest will soon be silence.

THREE A.M. Mr. and Mrs. Snooks have reached home at last. He pours a whisky and soda for himself and a sherry for her.

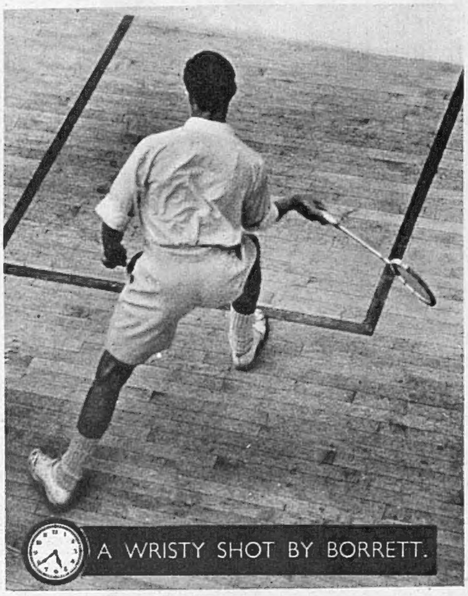
" Thomas Snooks, M.P.", she murmurs, with something like awe in her voice.

" It was you that did it," he answers.

A lorry rumbles by outside. The ticking of the clock is friendly, gentle. . . . How silent the world has become. . . .

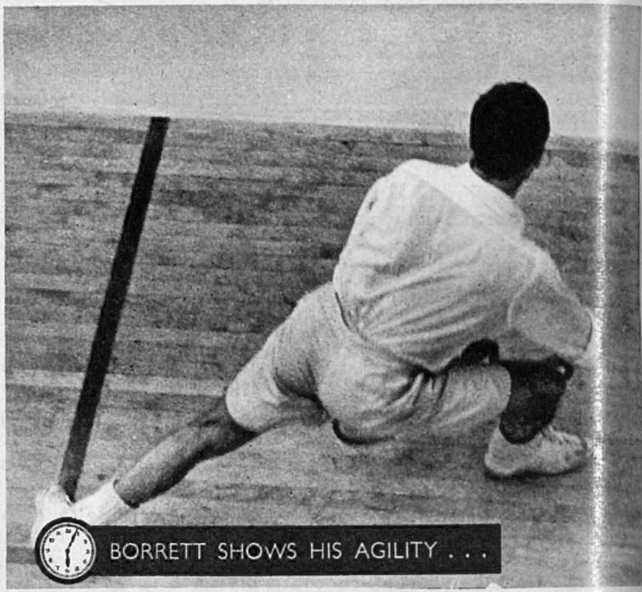
Beverley Baxter

FIRST GAME. BOTH QUITE FRESH.



A WRISTY SHOT BY BORRETT.

ALL EYES ON THE BALL.



BORRETT SHOWS HIS AGILITY . . .

. . . AND BACKHAND DRIVE.

DAGNALL BEGINS TO TIRE.

DR. J. C. GREGORY PRESENTS THE CUP.

TOP OF THE SQUASH CLASS

ONLY a ciné camera could do justice to the skill of the players, but these pictures show some moments of the game on January 16, in which N. F. Borrett, a schoolmaster, decisively won the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship for the fourth time running. In three well-fought games at the Lansdowne Club, Mayfair, he beat H. J. A. Dagnall 9—4, 9—5, 10—8. Borrett made sure of the first two games in 22 minutes, but the third was a different story. Dagnall was now very tired, but rallied well, going from 3—1 to 4—3, and having game point in his favour at 8—6. At this critical stage the pace began to tell, and the holder's superior stamina and consistency of play eventually won him the game. Borrett's armoury of shots is not extensive in its variety, but his wristy action and perfect judgment of angle strokes make him an outstanding player. To be champion four times in succession constitutes a record. The nearest to approach it was Amr Bey, now Amr Pasha, Egyptian Ambassador in London, who made two hat-tricks between the years 1931 and 1937.

LORD MILFORD HAVEN'S BRIDE

Photographed by BARON.

MRS. ROMAINE SIMPSON'S marriage to the Marquess of Milford Haven is due to take place next Saturday, February 4, at the National Presbyterian Church, Washington, U.S.A. Mrs. Simpson, whose first marriage was dissolved, is the daughter of the late Mr. Vinton U. S. Pierce, and of Mrs. Clark McIlwaine, of Washington. Lord Milford Haven, a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria, succeeded to the marquessate in 1938; his mother is daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and the late Countess Torby. He served throughout the war in the Royal Navy.

Candid Cameo

DONALD PEERS

By "Urtica"

AFTER the age of forty, most men give up the hope of still attracting mass feminine adulation. The receding hairline, the sagging chin, the widening girth are ruthless and painful reminders of the glories of things gone and the shape of things to come. But the miracle of radio has added a new dimension to masculine charm. The body beautiful has been replaced by the voice beautiful. Or should one say the voice magnetic? For despite a voice which can best be described as pleasantly nasal and a figure which has achieved the comfortable rotundity of a man of forty-one, Donald Peers has managed to do for English womanhood what the already well-established Crosby and Sinatra have done for their American sisters.

When last February the dying echoes of *By a Babbling Brook*—his signature tune—had indicated the end of a routine half-hour B.B.C. programme by "Radio's Cavalier of Song," it was obvious that something unusual had happened. For instead of shuffling quietly out of the auditorium and stolidly taking the appropriate bus or tube to their suburban homes, a large proportion of the female audience had rushed excitedly to the stage to be near the man who had been entertaining them—to touch him, to kiss him, to beg him to sing some more. Since that unique evening a concert by Donald Peers has taken on something of the aspect of a revival meeting in the hills of Kentucky. Teen-age girls quiver, shriek, moan and squeal in an ecstasy of hero-worship and welcome each number with hysterical gurgles of "More, Donald! Oh, Donald, more!" The stage-door is besieged by hundreds of women chanting for their victim and waving autograph books as if they were tomahawks.

Yet there is nothing essentially new about his personality, his singing, or his act. Anyone visiting theatres, concert-halls or public parks in Manchester, Belfast, Rochdale, Walthamstow, Leeds or Stockton during the past twenty years might easily have chanced upon the selfsame Donald Peers earning himself a comfortable living as a hard-working, bathroom baritone. It was the prospect of travelling about the country that first tempted young Donald to leave his home in Ammanford, South Wales, to take up a job as a house-painter. And it was this same itch to wander that caused him to ask for an audition with a small concert-party in Lowestoft in 1927. "Being Welsh I always had a feeling for songs," he told me. "I strummed a ukulele and got the job not because I was good but because I tried so hard." He wore a borrowed dinner suit, was paid three pounds a week, and usually sang three songs standing in front of the house tabs during the interval. "I was probably the first artist to appear exclusively in the intervals," he said.

Then followed the slow, upward grind of the professional entertainer. By 1930 he was earning £10 a week, which was enough to marry on, and by 1940, when he joined the Army, this had risen to a tidy £2,000 a year. On his discharge in 1944 he had no difficulty in finding a job at £100 a week, and in 1948 he was quietly touring the provinces on a merry £250 a week. A handsome, seven-roomed house in Kingston-on-Thames opening on to a beautiful garden was purchased out of this unspectacular but highly lucrative trouping. Yet even these formidable statistics were reduced to the status of a school-boy's spending-money when women in the mass began to swoon at the sight of his pudgy face. His fan mail rose to about 3000 letters a week and his earning power to about £25,000 a year.

Peers looks upon this thunderstorm of popularity as simply the reward for intensive and persistent devotion to his art. "There is no more secret to it than the secret of any man who knows his job," he explained. He plans the singing of a new song with as much care as a general organising an assault across the Rhine. His task is considerably complicated by the fact that he cannot read a single note of music. He learns the music parrot-fashion from his pianist, and then rehearses it two hours a day for three weeks. "I work on it until I can practically dictate a letter while singing it," he said. The types of songs he sings are given as much thought as their presentation. His repertoire he divides into five categories: Songs About Children Which Grown-ups Like to Hear (*Sleepy Town Express*), Cheer-up Songs (*Powder Your Face with Sunshine*), Philosophy Songs (*If I Can Help Somebody*), Comedy Songs (*Clancy Lowered The Boom*), and Rhythm Songs (*I'm Sitting on Top of the World*). This kind of scientific analysis even enters into the exact length he thinks his acts should be. "I entertain for eighteen minutes, which gets the audience in a receptive stage, and then I ask them what else they want," he says.

Like all healthy, masculine extroverts, Peers is sensitive about the kind of jibes every crooner has to face. He particularly resented a recent suggestion that he wore a "two-way stretch" during his act. "I have a 42-inch chest, a 35-inch waist, a handicap of 2 at golf, an eighteen-year-old daughter, and I played good Rugby when I was young," he said in an injured tone of voice.

Peers is too much of a trouper to have any illusions as to the stability and duration of his new-found fame. "I realise that I am walking on a tightrope, and that if I overstep and lose my balance I'll find myself down there," he said. From the manner in which his index finger pointed "down there" it was evident that Peers is fully conscious of how short is the real distance between the top and the bottom of the bill. It is therefore not surprising that he is by no means resentful because he has had to wait until middle-age before great wealth and renown were his. "The thing about being successful at forty instead of twenty-five is that you don't have to worry about what you will be doing at thirty-five," he said, expressing a sentiment which should endear him to all those eagerly climbing the unsteady and slippery ladder that leads to popular acclaim.

This Cameo welcomes his return to broadcasting next Wednesday, February 8th.

★

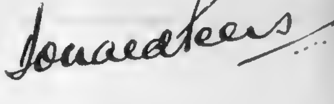
Who . . . Me?

THIS cameo, candid indeed, makes me feel as though "Urtica" has conducted me down a long and half-lighted corridor and then, after sweeping back some hangings, has opened a door which concealed a full-length mirror, and I see myself . . . looking back at me. I'm rather startled, of course, but not exactly displeased.

My daughter—bless her—dislikes the adjective "pudgy." . . . I refuse to comment.

Since the initial interview took place I've been, shall we say, "hors de combat" . . . but now I'm in training again. And I mean just that. Thankfully I observe the waist-line is now 33.

My overall comment is this: I would stress that the stage-door is NOT consistently besieged by hundreds of women. When a panic sets in, I'm human and very grateful, for any shrewd entertainer knows that the time to worry is when no one asks for an autograph!



PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH CROONER

Photomontage by ANGUS McBEAN

HEAD OF THE W.R.A.F.

AIR COMMANDANT DAME FELICITY HANBURY, D.B.E., A.D.C., has been Director of the Women's Royal Air Force since 1946. She was born at Cheadle, Cheshire, in 1913, daughter of the late Colonel Humphrey Watts, O.B.E., T.D., and of Mrs. Simon Orde; and was educated at St. Winifred's, Eastbourne, and at Vaucresson, Seine-et-Oise, France. In 1935 she married Mr. John C. M. Hanbury, who was killed on active service in 1939 flying with 615 Squadron. She obtained her "A" licence at Heston, where she frequently flew with her husband before the war.

Photographed by GEORGE KONIG.

Air Commandant Dame Felicity Hanbury with her staff in the W.R.A.F. Directorate at Air Ministry.

When her day's work at Air Ministry is finished, she changes into off-duty clothes in her Kensington home, and gets down to the work she has brought back with her.

Etching is a favourite hobby of Dame Felicity's. These two examples of her work were hung in the Paris Salon du Printemps before she was married.

She shows her mother, Mrs. Simon Orde, a souvenir brought back from her recent visit to India.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

JAN. 11.
At the N. Northumberland Hunt Ball in Pallinsburn House, Cornhill-on-Tweed: (l. to r.) Lieut.-Col. R. Taylor and Lord Joicey, joint Masters; Capt. H. R. Trotter, Berwickshire M.F.H.; and the Duke of Northumberland, M.F.H. the Percy.

JAN. 11.
King's Chapel of the Savoy, Capt. M. Trasenster, M.C., 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, son of Mrs. Trasenster, of Coombe Place, Meonstoke, married Miss Fay Darley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Darley, of Cantley Hall, Doncaster.

JAN. 12.
Lord and Lady Milne's baby son christened Iain Charles Luis at St. Mary's Church, Barnes. His godparents: Mr. A. Cooper, Mr. A. Wigan, Mr. J. Houlder, Mr. R. Mullins, the Hon. Mrs. T. Bull, Mrs. H. Boutelleau.

JAN. 16.
H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent took the Duke, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael to Mills' Circus. A few days before, the two brothers, unaccompanied, had a grand time with Mr. Cyril Mills on the "Dodgem" Cars.

JAN. 17.
Two hunting people married to-day at St. James's, Spanish Place—Capt. T. E. Hallinan, son of Major and Mrs. T. D. Hallinan, of Ashbourne, Glountbaune, Co. Cork, and Miss Margaret Bell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Stanley Bell, of Haigh House, near Wigan, Lancs. Reception at Grosvenor House.

JAN. 18.
First day of Tattersall's two-day January Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket. Top price: 4300 guineas paid by Prince Aly Khan's representative for Mrs. V. Esmond's Dona Dolce, filly by Donatello—Dulce II. L. to r., Lady Newtown-Butler, with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shelley.

[Continued overleaf.

JAN. 18.
Visit to Ladies' Carlton Club disclosed scene of hustle by backroom girls—voluntary helpers in Conservative Party's election campaign. Right (standing): Lady Woolton in chat with Miss Jill Champneys; with Lady Bennett behind, and left, Lady Hacking. They address over 40,000 letters a week.

JAN. 18.
At première of Christopher Fry's Venus Observed at St. James's Theatre was Margot Fonteyn, ballerina whom New York critics said had "conquered a continent" during recent triumphant U.S. tour of Sadler's Wells Ballet. With her was Robert Helpmann, her ally in peaceful, profitable victory.

JAN. 19.
At 4, St. James's Square, the Arts Council shows six modern tapestries woven by Edinburgh Tapestry Company, and designs by well-known painters, including Stanley Spencer, A.R.A., Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, Edward Bawden, Graham Sutherland. Here are Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, Lady Jean Bertie, Lord David Stuart.

JAN. 19.
At St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. Christopher Boot Holman, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. A. M. Holman, of Hyes, Rudgwick, Sussex, married the Hon. Winifred Ponsonby, daughter of Lord and Lady de Mauley, of Langford House, Lechlade, Glos. Bride's gown trimmed with old family lace.

JAN. 19.
Pre-Monte Carlo Rally snapshot shows one of the women's teams. L. to r.: Mrs. T. H. Wisdom—one of last year's winners, Mrs. J. Heath, and Mrs. R. Fotheringham-Parker. They were due to drive their Standard Vanguard in the 1000 miles strenuous trial.

JAN. 19.
Sir Jocelyn Lucas's sixteen couple of Sealyhams do good work with parties of guns over rabbit-ridden grounds of Node Hotel, Caldicote. Usual daily bag, 60 to 100; besides pheasants, hares. In party, Col. T. Wickham, Sir Jocelyn himself (left), Tory M.P., Portsmouth South.

SKETCH

DATE-BOOK

JAN. 19.
Hurst Park. The Duchess of Norfolk's Possible won the Star and Garter Steeplechase. Ridden by P. Conlon, he jumped boldly and well during the three miles. He's left of the picture, with Sandy Shore—John Hunter up—who came in third, on right.

JAN. 20.
At the Belvoir Hunt Ball, the George Hotel, Grantham, l. to r.: Mrs. S. A. G. E. James, Mrs. David Burgess and Mr. S. A. G. E. James. Among those who took parties were Major J. H. Hanbury, M.F.H., and the Duke of Rutland, M.F.H.

JAN. 20.
The Oakley held their Hunt Ball at the Corn Exchange, Bedford. Here, l. to r.: Mrs. Gerald Legge, Major Eric Russell, Lady Northampton, the Hon. Mrs. Stockdale, Mrs. Eric Russell, Col. M. Stockdale, Mr. Gerald Legge.

JAN. 21.
After Wales had beaten England, the London Welsh Rugby Football Club triumphantly held their annual dance at Grosvenor House. L. to r. in the picture: Capt. P. J. Jackson, Miss Jennifer Browne, Miss Anne Smith, Capt. P. Smith.

JAN. 23.
Irish Guardsmen formed guard of honour at St. John's Church, Dumfries, when Major Anthony B. Mainwaring-Burton, Irish Guards, of Denham, Bucks, married Miss Edwina B. Crabbe, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. G. Crabbe, of Duncow, Dumfries. Bride's father is Lord Lieutenant and Convenor of Dumfriesshire.

JAN. 24.
Photograph arrives of engaged couple, to marry in April—Group Captain John Heber Percy, R.A.F., former Air Attaché, British Embassy, The Hague, and Miss Marie Elise Teixeira de Mattos. She was born in Paris; her people come from Norfolk, Va., U.S.A.

[Continued overleaf.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Switzerland)

JAN. 5.
At the British Ski Championships, Mürren. Stewart Parkinson was first in the British combined downhill and slalom ski championships. He is the British ski champion for 1950, and was a member of the British Olympic ski team.

JAN. 5.
Mürren. John Boyagis won the slalom in the British Ski Championships. He's captain of the British men's team, 1950, and was a member of last British Olympic ski team. Cameraman on skis, E. Abegglen, took these two shots.

JAN. 8.
Scheidegg. Here is the London I. team which won the Duke of Kent's Townsmen's Cup: David Horsfield (No. 15), John Boyagis (No. 5), Peter Kirwan Taylor (No. 13), Stewart Parkinson (No.3), and centre, the British coach and Cambridge Blue, Arnold Fawcus.

JAN. 9.
Grindelwald. Hilary Laing sweeps through a control during the race for the Lady Mabel Lunn Cup, which she won. She was also winner of all events in the Ladies' Open Ski meeting, and the Lady Denman Cup.

JAN. 9.
At Grindelwald, the British entrants for the Ladies' Ski Club championships. L. to r.: Hilary Laing, Sheena Mackintosh, captain of the British ladies' ski team, Sheila Daniell, Janet Geidt, Jean Geidt, and Vora Mackintosh.

JAN. 13.
St. Moritz. Close-up of a two-bob at the Horseshoe on the bob run. Intensive training runs were being made for the two- and four-bob races. Perfect conditions gave the walls of the vertical turns a glassy surface, and teams were hoping to better the record of 1 min. 22 sec. for the twist-and-turn downhill mile of famous St. Moritz bob run.

1880 : On Christmas Day, in conservative "Victorian" old Boston, U.S.A., the dashing young Tom Chanler asks lovely Emily Talbot to be his bride. Shyly correct and of the period they sit side by side on a plush settee.

1902 : Getting on—he 's a successful business man now—the Chanlers talk things over with a cup of tea. Tom, ever bewildered by Emily's uncanny knowledge of his actions, says : "Even when I 'm alone, you are still there, so how can I win ?"

THE INCOMPARABLE LUNTS ARE BACK IN CIRCULATION

BROADWAY has taken on a fresh brilliance now that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have staged their admirable partnership in a new comedy at the Shubert Theatre—*I Know My Love*. The play is adapted by S. N. Behrman from Marcel Achard's *Auprès de Ma Blonde*, and light and rambling as it is in spots, it affords the talented Lunts every opportunity to show their inimitable style, their knowledge of theatrical values, and every trick of inflection in their voices—the result of years of intensive study and experience in a variety of rôles. Lunt is still his lovable self with all his familiar mannerisms ; Lynn Fontanne, more charming than ever, radiates personal magnetism, and saves the Chanler marriage from disaster by her wisdom. It is hoped they may bring the play to London after its New York run.

Photographed by VANDAMM.

To-day : And this is where the play begins, with their Golden Wedding anniversary. As Tom and Emily, posing for a souvenir photograph of the occasion, the Lunts are admirably made-up as old people. Their clothes, the décor, has changed with the fashion. From here the story moves back to their courtship and married life.

THE THEATRE

"VENUS OBSERVED."

" I like to talk," says someone in Christopher Fry's new verse fantasy at the St. James's, and Fry himself might say the same thing. He likes to talk, and we like to hear him, for no one in our theatre can talk better in his special vein. Certainly, in that vein, Fry's dialogue deserves the epithet " exquisite " used by Sir Laurence Olivier in his curtain-speech. It is not the lingo of every day. It is heightened, considered, self-conscious speech, its words exquisitely chosen, balanced and blended, the speech of an author with a fine ear, a quick mind, and at times an enchanting sense of the ridiculous. He is the most cunning phrase-maker on our stage. His comedies have the " taffeta phrases, silken terms precise " of a *Love's Labour's Lost.* When a fire breaks out, somebody has to say, " Look, the garden's capering with light." An eclipse is compared to " a penny placed not on the dead, but the living, eye of the sun." There is a landscape of " a countryside like a drowned angel lying in shallow water." We are asked to think " what deeds of spring are done by the glow-worm light of a primrose."

So it runs. Much of this is balm to ears afflicted by the gritty nothings of colloquial dialogue. Now and then, as when Sir Laurence Olivier in the last act creates for us an autumnal landscape, we feel that we could listen for hours. But, alas, Fry's method has a cardinal failing. His language is beautiful, but it is not specifically dramatic language. A play that, without doubt, must read admirably, is inclined in the theatre to sag. The thin filaments of plot cannot hold the blossomed weight of the dialogue. We wait for something to happen. We may remember that, forty-eight years ago in the same theatre, an actor-manager presented another play by a young English poet—Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*—which, though far inferior to Fry's in literary texture and imagination, had the dramatic, the theatrical quality that Fry, for all his verbal flourish, still lacks.

Venus Observed has the advantages of impeccable speaking and of two sets (by Roger Furse) as pleasing to the eye as anything upon the London stage. But Fry has not yet matched speech with action. There is a solar eclipse. There is archery, and—though the Duke and the lady are not for burning—there is a fire. Even so, one forgets in the interval what happened during the previous act. The people of the play are not firmly established as human beings, though Sir Laurence Olivier, besides caressing the text, does illuminate for us the astronomer-Duke, an urbane amorist who hopes to join autumn and spring ; and a young actress, Heather Stannard, is perfectly in key as the girl he seeks. Valerie Taylor, Rachel Kempson, and that lovable actor, George Relph, all speak with appreciation. In its fashion, splendid. Some of us, rapt in the sound of it all, sit purring as though the night were a saucer of milk (I am quoting again). But, next time, Mr. Fry . . . perhaps a plot ? I do assure you it would help.

" THE MISER."—Diana Churchill as Elise and Angela Baddeley as Frosine in a new version of Molière's classic. Previous translations have been stiff and pedantic, but this goes with a roar.

J. C. TREWIN

"THE MISER." At the close of the New Theatre first night we heard again the famous Old Vic cheer. It did not come merely as a thing of habit, as the natural end to an Old Vic première. It was an affectionate salute to Miles Malleson, whose performance of Harpagon in his own version of Molière's *L'Avare* is one of the subtlest pieces of comic acting the London stage has seen in years. It may be argued that Malleson is too endearing for the old wretch of a miser; but, this aside, his Harpagon must surely remain unequalled in our time. Malleson has infinite zest and invention. The man rises before our gaze. Every movement of Harpagon is in character and precisely considered—watch Malleson's way with the walking-stick—and the actor's repertory of expressions is Hensonian, though he substitutes angry or anxious cod for goggling goldfish. I am sure that this Harpagon will be honoured in stage chronicle—not only because of Malleson's acting, but also because, as dramatist, he has had the wit to put the part and the play into such a flexible and speakable version. Malleson has now removed *L'Avare* from its strait-waistcoat. The dialogue flows, and so, delightfully, does the Old Vic production.

Besides Malleson, we hear George Benson in rosy bluster as the coachman-cook, Walter Hudd in a legal twitter, Diana Churchill, Angela Baddeley, and Jane Wenham as a delicious trio of Molière women, and the Vic company, in strength, to buttress them. I like especially Mark Dignam, who has to be the centre of Molière's frantic, tongue-in-cheek dénouement, and Leo McKern as the little wretch of a moneylender. All are good; but the evening rests upon Malleson's performance and the gay, elegant romp (if this is permissible) of Tyrone Guthrie's production. Here the Vic is back in its *Love's Labour's Lost* form, and Malleson's Harpagon should in no circumstances be missed.

"THE HEIRESS." It is the same play, and yet it is somehow a new one. The Haymarket, on the night of January 16, had the aspect of a première, and *The Heiress*, though it had been running for more than eleven months, took on a new burnish. Wendy Hiller and Godfrey Tearle have now succeeded to the thrones left vacant by Peggy Ashcroft and Sir Ralph Richardson, and each acts finely. Even if one must still remember Miss Ashcroft in that night vigil in Washington Square, and Sir Ralph Richardson as he prepared for his last sickroom, Miss Hiller and Mr. Tearle have their own special successes: her's in the last scene which she dominates remarkably, his in the opening when he presents a more expansive, but no less telling, Dr. Sloper than Sir Ralph's. The play strikes even more sharply, on a second hearing, than it did before, and the rest of the cast is in strong form, though I miss James Donald's special slipperiness as the despicable mock-lover, Townsend.

"THE HEIRESS."—Wendy Hiller as Catherine Sloper and Godfrey Tearle as Dr. Sloper, who have given a new interpretation to the parts played for so long by Peggy Ashcroft and Sir Ralph Richardson.

SHOWS IN BRIEF

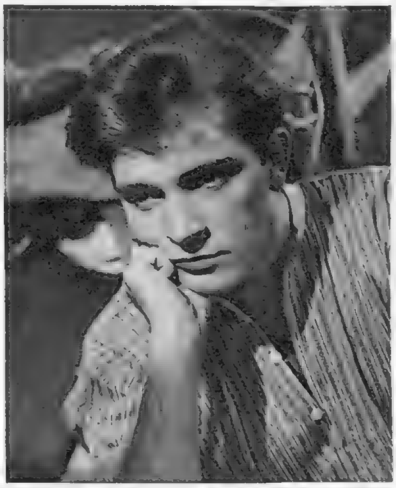
PAUL SCOFIELD, MARGARET RUTHERFORD.

"RING ROUND THE MOON" (Globe).—Here again is Christopher Fry, this time with a frolic from the French of Anouilh. Paul Scofield now appears as twins, and the producer is the redoubtable Peter Brook.

CLIVE MORTON, JILL ESMOND, RAYMOND LOVELL, ALAN CUTHBERTSON, PENELOPE BARTLEY.

"PARTY MANNERS" (Embassy).—Val Gielgud gets in his political comedy before the Election, and he has Raymond Lovell and Clive Morton to make the best of his wit.

ERNEST JAY
in "Shall We Join the Ladies?"



RICHARD BURTON
in "The Boy With a Cart."

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" and "THE BOY WITH A CART" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—An evening that begins well in Barrie's satirical dinner party, tails off into Christopher Fry's early verse play, an edifying legend of a Sussex saint.

SPECULATION

CONTEMPT.

DECISION.

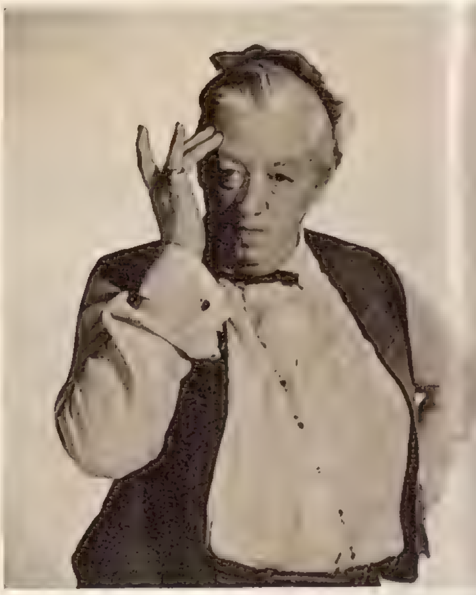
DISBELIEF.

INDECISION.

DISTASTE.

REPROOF.

DISGUST.



COGITATION.

MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD EXPRESSES HERSELF

A NEW item for Margaret Rutherford's picture-gallery of eccentric Englishwomen is her portrait of girls' school headmistress Miss Whitchurch, in a film version of John Dighton's play, *The Happiest Days of Your Life*. The rôle of a Head whose school has to share premises with a boys' school gives full scope for her expressive countenance. Confronted with one dilemma after another, she 's equal to the task.

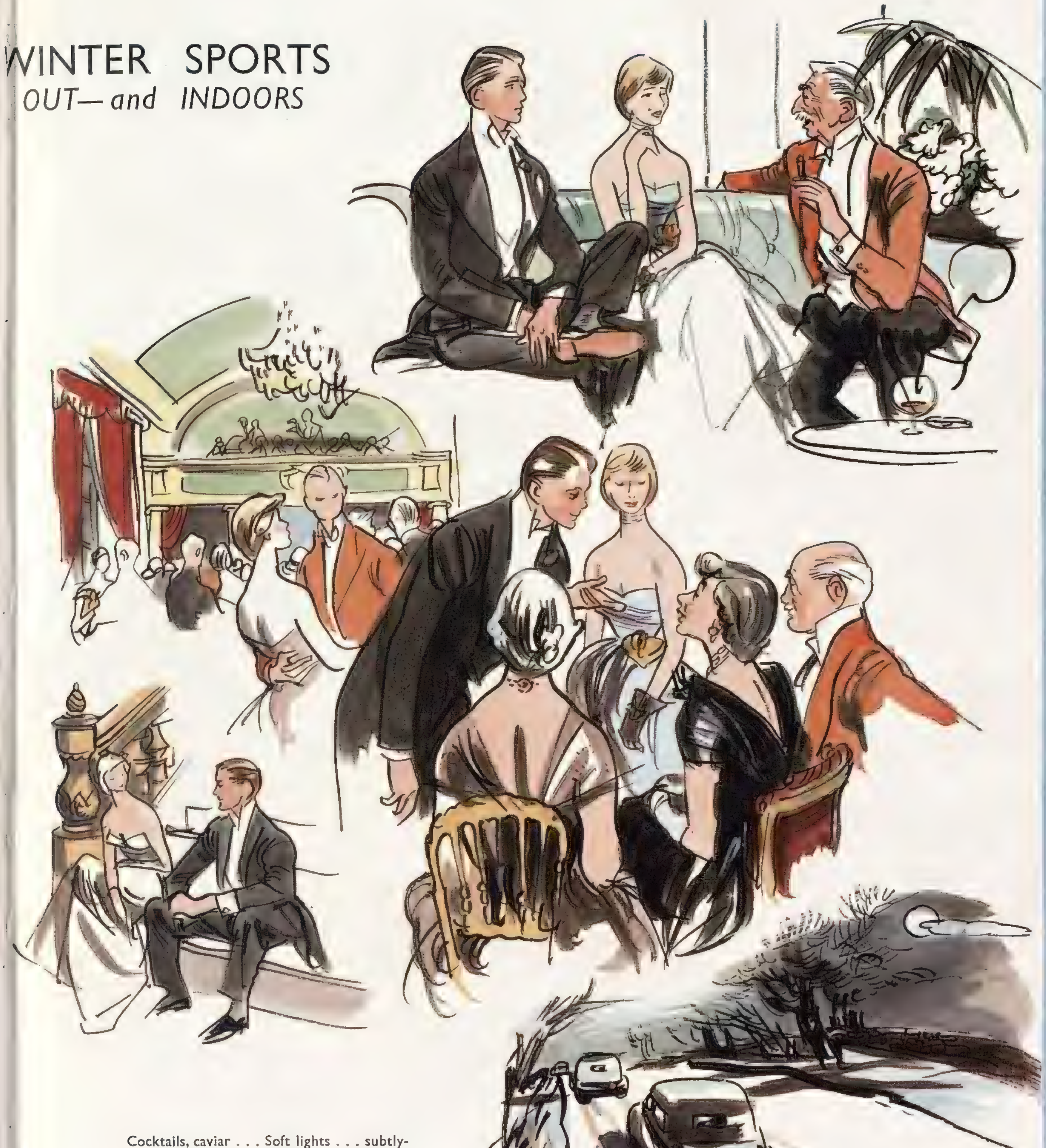
Michael Ffolkes

"I UNDERSTAND IT WAS RESTORED MUCH LATER"

D

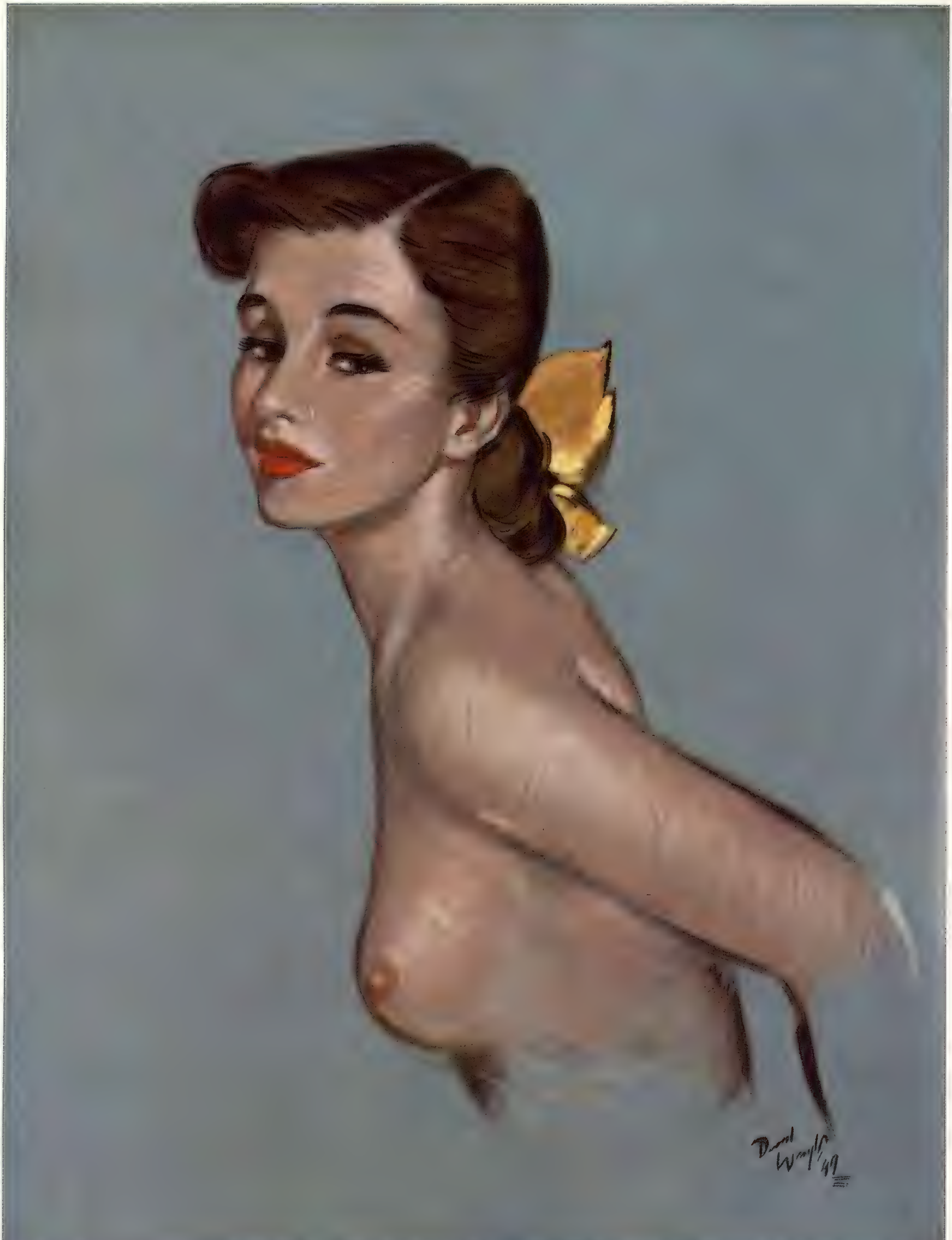
Sparkling air . . . tingling blood . . . heavenly intoxication . . . keyed-up limbs tested out on ski, skate, bobsleigh, in a world of crunching snow.

WINTER SPORTS
OUT—and INDOORS



Cocktails, caviar . . . Soft lights . . . subtly-scented warmth . . . Dancing . . . cheek to cheek . . . sitting-out. Driving home . . . setting moon.

Francis Marshall



David Wright

WRIGHT AGAIN !

RADIO.—Kay Hammond: For Begging to Differ with John Clements in such a way as to recommend matrimony to the listener.

Frederick Laws

LITERATURE.—Maurice Collis: For the lightly-worn erudition of his book about an early Portuguese adventurer—*The Grand Peregrination.*

Maurice Collis

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

STAGE.—John Wyse (*right*): For three years of gallant work at the Boltons Theatre in Kensington, and for his performance of Captain Banner in the present revival—on which much depends—of George Preedy's romantic drama of that name.

J. C. Trewin

SCREEN.—Beniamino Gigli, star of the Italian film, *Canzone Eterna*, who brings an unfamiliar delight to British opera-lovers of this generation by his superb singing of excerpts from Verdi's *Otello*.

C. A. Lejeune

TELEVISION . . .

WE shall doubtless be shot at the first convenient dawn for admitting this, but we *like* Vic Oliver. Even when, as occasionally happens, his quips are not startlingly witty, there is a likeable bubble of bogus omnipotence about the fellow which—because we know it will quickly be punctured and replaced by an expression of equally bogus injured dignity—we find personally irresistible. Mr. Oliver, at any rate, is responsible for the first signs of genuine proficiency in TV's normally deplorable Variety programmes. His regular series "Vic Oliver Introduces" is put on with an air. It may not be tremendously expensive, but it looks it. The orchestra is comparatively large and lush and, in addition to coping with Mr. Oliver's beat more than competently, wears white tie and tails down to the last wood-wind; the Guest Artist is generally someone worth inviting; and the maestro himself holds the whole thing tightly together with an engaging mixture of the mildly serious and the mildly amusing.

Mr. Oliver may not be a Pouishnoff, a Menuhin, or a Beecham—and certainly isn't a Chaliapin—but he makes a good enough shot at the pianoforte, the violin and the conductor's baton (and a purposely bad enough shot at singing) to come out of these programmes wearing a well-earned aura of all-round competence. The great thing about Mr. Oliver is that, whenever he attempts to fly too high, we can be sure that he will be quickly taken down a peg or two. When, the other evening, he sat down at the grand piano to play Schubert, we had grave doubts—for in these programmes one never knows when he announces his next feat whether he is to be taken straight or otherwise. In this case, all was well: he had hardly started to play when keys flew up in his face, strings snapped and leapt skywards from the intestines of the piano, the lid crashed down with a sickening thwack, and a half-pint of pale ale was poured out of a tap at one end of the keyboard. Mr. Oliver ended up hurt, frustrated and upset, but still giving the impression that he could have played Schubert if everyone had not conspired against him.

Mr. Bernard Miles, his guest on this occasion, repeated his delightful rustic monologue of the character who sharpened his faggots on the "statute" of the Crusader in the local Church; and Miss Paula Hinton surely possesses a dead-pan expression which makes Virginia O'Brien seem unbearably animated.

MR. HAROLD CLAYTON'S production of *Twelfth Night* was repeated for the children on a recent Sabbath, and was quite beautifully done. The kiddies, incidentally, seem to be uppermost in the thoughts of Alexandra Palace these days, perhaps because Mr. Norman Collins—among his many other achievements—is a distinguished writer of children's books. The TV *Twelfth Night* must have given the youngsters a new and fresh appreciation of this, at times, maddening play: even those two old drears, Sir

(*Continued opposite.*

One of many TV educational programmes arranged for children is Sidney Harrison's series of piano lessons for beginners. Here he demonstrates the correct position of the fingers to a thirteen-year-old pupil.

All children from six to sixty should look in to Benjamin Britten's *Let's Make an Opera* on February 5. Viewers will be expected to sing the choruses, which are easy to learn, hard to forget. The televising follows an eight-weeks run at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

The naval comedy, *Off the Record*, by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, is full of complications. Coping with one of them is Hugh Wakefield as the Admiral, Bill Gates as a Lieut.-Cdr. posing as an M.P., Joy Shelton as the Admiral's daughter, and Tom Gill as the Flag Lieutenant.

Among newcomers to the TV screen is Patricia Kneale, who has had an outstanding success as Olivia in *Twelfth Night*. Above she is seen (centre) with Jessie Evans as Maria and Geoffrey Dunn as Malvolio.

. . . *by* ROBERT DANE

Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch, seemed less monumentally unfunny than usual. There was a performance of Olivia by Miss Patricia Kneale which, for the sake of Miss Kneale's career and the theatre in general, we hope was seen by all parents who happen to be theatrical managers, casting directors, or talent scouts. Miss Kneale has a face which is much too lovely to be wasted on the kiddies at five o'clock on a Sunday afternoon; she has a voice to match; and the girl can *act*. Sets (by the overworked Barry Learoy) and incidental music (by the overworked Eric Robinson) just right; Mr. Clayton's production, as usual, neat and without fuss.

SOME of the most successful TV programmes are the ones you would least expect to be successes: recently there were two such items on the same evening. The first was a lecture given to an audience of schoolchildren at the Royal Institution by Dr. P. Dunsheath, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.Inst.P., M.R.I., on "Electricity at Work." Our personal knowledge of Electricity at Work is confined to switching on and off the lights, and we're not so hot even at that, being continually accused in the morning of having left the light on in the kitchen all night. Though we may not be completely sound on Faraday's Principle even now, we have rarely enjoyed a more intriguing and amusing hour than that provided by the good Doctor. Not only does he know all about electricity, but he also knows all about putting his act over to an audience: and his experiments were rightly applauded by his rapt audience as though they were top-line acts on the music-halls. There was one—when the iron ring he was wearing kept on attracting the attention of an adjacent magnet—which got an ovation of which Danny Kaye might have been envious.

THIS is our final chore as *The Sketch's* television critic: from the next issue onwards these articles will be written by someone who can give the time and attention which the job itself and the importance of the new medium deserve and demand. It would be ungrateful to exit without thanking the labourers at Alexandra Palace for the very many hours of pleasure they have provided in the past year, or without thanking *The Sketch* readers who have written in, either agreeing or disagreeing with these fortnightly judgments. We finally have to admit that "Robert Dane" is a nom-de-TV, thought up after no end of time and trouble. It was Robert Burns, you remember, who wrote, "O gently scan your fellow-man, Still gentler fellow-woman"; and it was the Gloomy Dane, you will also remember, who said, "Look here upon this picture, and on this." The real culprit, who has looked upon the pictures and scanned them gently or otherwise, is not unconnected (should any TV producer wish to issue a writ before we go) with the feature called Melvillainy on another page of this journal. Good-bye: and good viewing.

OUR CRITIC'S BOUQUETS GO TO . . .

Michael Barry: For writing and producing the documentary, *I Want to be a Doctor*, the story of a medical student's career, and of the profession through the ages.

Vic Oliver: For compèring, conducting and playing the piano, the violin and the fool with equal aplomb in TV's first successful variety show.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

THE WELSH RUGBY TEAM, for playing better with the odds against them.

A MAGICAL MAHARAJAH, for deceiving a bunch of deceivers.

IN spite of the fact that Captain Williams and the giant forward, Rees Stephens, had to stand down from the Welsh National Rugby team because of injuries, fifteen aggressive, red-for-danger Welshmen blasted England's hopes out of Twickenham on January 22. Their storming tactics won them 11 points against England's 5. Above, R. Cale (Wales No. 13) scores their second try. And hats off to the chap who captured all but two of the field in this picture.

IN order to qualify as an Associate of the Inner Magic Circle, H.H. the Maharajah of Jodhpur performed before, and deceived, nearly 600 members.

HUNDREDS of ski-struck young Londoners are learning the sport at a "Dry Ski" school, recently opened at a Piccadilly store. Experts from the Central Council of Physical Recreation, co-operating with star ski-men, train talented novices chosen from a long waiting list. Expert Ricard Greger shows potential skier Pat Cauldwell how her boot is gripped by bindings.

HIS doctor told him never to climb stairs, so Mr. Edwin Widdas, of Charlotte Terrace, Chilton, Durham, helped by his son, built a "mountain" railway, electrically-controlled, to transport him up and down. Now, he says, he always travels First Class.

PAT CAULDWELL, for mastering the arts of the ski on hessian.

EDWIN WIDDAS, for building a funicular railway under his own roof.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

CHRISTOPHER FRY,

For his verbal richness, and for having three plays produced in London within nine days.

THE three plays : *Venus Observed*, a modern verse comedy, with Laurence Olivier, at the St. James's ; *Boy With a Cart*, a one-act miracle play in verse, with Mary Jerrold and Richard Burton, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith ; and *Ring Round the Moon*—translated and adapted by Fry from the French comedy, *l'Invitation au Château*, by Jean Anouilh—with Margaret Rutherford and Paul Scofield, at the Globe. His fifteenth-century comedy, *The Lady 's Not for Burning*, with John Gielgud and Pamela Brown, at the Globe, was one of the theatre's outstanding successes of 1949.

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.

The Young Contemporaries arrive at the R.B.A. Galleries to hang and arrange their exhibits. Picture on the left shows twenty-one-year-old Mary Davies, of the Slade School (left), who is chairman of the Young Contemporaries and the only girl on the committee, with her *Portrait in Black*. With her, nineteen-year-old Hylarie Morris carries her painting, *Fire Escape*. Right, Eric Winters (check coat) shows his sculpture, *The Wrestlers*.

This general view of one of the rooms shows three young artists at gaze: (l. to r.) James van Hear, E. C. Middleditch, Derrick Greaves.

Accent on Youth

THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES

LAST year's Exhibition of the Young Contemporaries proved such a success that the art students have made the affair an annual event. It is entirely organised by the art students of Greater London, and the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, contain this year 500 works—painting, drawing and sculpture. The general level is astonishingly high ; it seems that talent riots in the capital, 3000 works having been submitted to a committee of well-known artists, including John Copley, P.R.B.A., Rodrigo Moynihan, John Piper, Ruskin Spear, A.R.A., Maurice Lambert, A.R.A., James Fitton, A.R.A. A corps of volunteer students hung the works chosen, and the schools which sent in paintings and sculpture included the Byam Shaw School, the Chelsea School of Art, the Central School of Arts and Crafts, the R.A. Schools, the Slade ; with many more entries from the well-known provincial schools. From last year's show many distinguished collectors purchased works, including the Queen, who bought two. Flattering recognition of this, the newest art society, is given by a London art dealer, who is to hold an exhibition, in his own gallery, of work by the six best artists in the Young Contemporaries' Exhibition.

Mr. Philip James, the Director of Arts, Arts Council for Britain, declared the Exhibition open. On his right is chairman Mary Davies, and beside her Treasurer Bernard Gay.

Mrs. Ivor Fox, wife of last year's President, is a painter ; designs glassware.

At the opening, the crowd, chattering of art rather than making a close examination of the pictures on view.

KONGWA, OR, PORTRAIT OF AN EAST AFRICAN GROUNDNUT, by Neville Manns, shown at the recent Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture by The Royal Academy Students' Society, sponsored by *The Evening News*, at 97, Regent Street.

D'APRÈS DALI

"SALVADOR DALI!" they cried, gazing at this topical Surrealist conception by a student of the R.A. Schools. And it is indeed strongly derivative, with its meticulous detail, apparently irrelevant incident, and all-but Freudian implications; the huge skull with its tangled roots, headless human beings, telephones, and so on. The show was both competent and attractive, and naturally the young students painted in the manner of the master they most admired. There was work by young painters of every calibre—budding Cézannes, Sickerts, Picassos—whose work one day we shall hope to see hanging above or below the line at the Royal Academy.

ROSEMARY ANDRÉ: Photographed by FRED DANIELS.

ENCHANTMENT IN CAMERA.

"TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN."—Evelyn Ankers as Gloria, Lex Barker as Tarzan, and Brenda Joyce as his wife Jean, in the kind of beautifully artless nonsense which still charms thousands.

"TASK FORCE."—Walter Brennan and Gary Cooper in a film dealing with the development of America's naval air arm, ending with some excellent colour shots of the fighting in the Pacific.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS

By C. A. Lejeune

"TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN."

Tarzan's Magic Fountain is described by the trade press, whose duty it is to classify these things according to their box-office value, as "engaging hokum for the less-sophisticated audience and a best-seller for the kids." I don't know whether I am a kid or a less-sophisticated audience, but it went down fine with me, too, and I have rarely seen so many sunny faces among the press-boys as they left the theatre, joyously chanting the film's most preposterous lines.

Preposterous is the word for Tarzan, but what engaging nonsense it all is! For more than a quarter of a century these Edgar Rice Burroughs' pictures have been one of the artless delights of the cinema. There have been twenty-five instalments of the Tarzan series, we are told, and Lex Barker, who takes over the rôle of the Lord of the Jungle in the present offering, is the tenth Tarzan. He is not, so far as we can judge from the evidence provided, as masterly a swimmer as Johnny Weismuller, who played the part through so many seasons, but there is a certain carefree elasticity about his performance—one can hardly call it acting—that was missing from the later Weismullers, and he certainly strips well.

Statisticians tell us that the Tarzan films have been the most consistent money-makers in the motion-picture business; that each year they receive 18,000 bookings in America, and in Britain have played in more cinemas than any other series. It is rather touching in these days of scientific clamour and political passions to note the devotion of the public to these superbly silly, simple pictures, but one doesn't have to be a psychoanalyst to adduce the reason. In Tarzan himself people see a hero whose feats they would like to emulate if they were physically fitter, and an innocence to which civilisation has made it impossible for them to attain.

Few people nowadays remember how Tarzan (he was born to be an English earl, according to his creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs) became Lord of the Jungle, how he met his wife Jane, how they won the confidence of the devoted chimpanzee, Cheeta, how they acquired a son, Boy. (The last oversight is probably a fortunate one, since Boy, who must by now be embarrassingly turning into Man, has currently disappeared from the series.) All that matters to the contemporary public is that Tarzan and Mate live in a Tree-Top house in a blissful Never-Never Land, where the animals are sociable, peace abounds, conversation is limited to concrete nouns and finite verbs, and the only urgent problem is to prevent sophisticated strangers from breaking in.

In *Tarzan's Magic Fountain* the strangers are black marketeers, who want, not unnaturally, to make a commercial proposition of a spring that gives everlasting youth. Tarzan, who is the only man in these parts competent to guide visitors to the spring, is very properly against the idea, but Mate Jane, showing a flash of independence new to the series, is so touched by the obvious rejuvenatory needs of a middle-aged Englishwoman that she undertakes the safari on her own account. I have always suspected that Jane's I.Q. is a bit on the low side, and her behaviour in *Tarzan's Secret Fountain* certainly lends colour to the notion. Rarely has a lady's obstinate ignorance landed her in such a mess; and her appeal to the chief Black Marketeer, after a day's ineffectual hacking-down of undergrowth: "Mr. Trask, are you familiar with this part of the jungle?" is likely to become one of the Great Film Sayings of the year.

"TASK FORCE."

There is nothing really *wrong* with *Task Force*. Only I suspect it would not have achieved its prominent position on this page had the other new films been in any way remarkable. And yet it might, at that. America, I find, regards *Task Force* as "significant." *Time*, in reviewing it, is free with terms like "magnificence" and "knock-out" and "breath-taking." It also forewarns us of a new cycle of films about the Second World War.

To use the word "world" in connection with the war shown in *Task Force* is just a bit misleading, however. Apart from a single casual reference to a naval force in the Pacific which can be estimated at a certain strength "including the British," the recent conflagration might have been a private quarrel between the Japanese and the Americans. Mind you, there is no reason, of course, why Americans should not make a film in praise of their own Forces if they want to, and certainly nobody over here who watches the authentic combat shots in the picture will query the heroic part played in the South Pacific by the U.S. Navy; but it might have been courtly to nod to an Ally by the way.

That *Task Force* is passionately patriotic and carefully authenticised cannot be questioned. It is a long and loosely-constructed account of the development of America's naval air arm, from the days when only a handful of pilots were qualified to land a plane on the deck of a carrier, to the time of the attack on Okinawa. The story is told in a flashback by Gary Cooper, who is discovered on the point of retiring from the Navy with the rank of Rear-Admiral. As long as it is concerned with the training and early exploits of the first carrier pilots, and with the actual combat scenes in the Pacific, it is lively and impressive spectacle. But whenever it feels impelled to go mooning after the love-affairs of its pilots it is apt to become rather tiresomely petty.

Fortunately, these personal problems are crowded out by sheer force of action towards the end of the picture, and the last half-hour, which gives an impression of what life was like in an aircraft-carrier in wartime, is splendid. It is a little disconcerting at first to be plunged suddenly into Technicolor when the ship sights Okinawa, but you soon get used to it, and the action shots, selected by the producers from millions of feet of U.S. Navy combat film, are the real thing, and fine.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"CANZONE ETERNA."—A trifling Italian drama about a celebrated tenor and his connubial problems. The film as a film doesn't matter. What does matter is that Gigli plays the celebrated tenor, and gives a recital, including excerpts from *Otello*, to beat any celestial choir.

"WOMAN IN HIDING."—Ida Lupino, as a bride who discovers on her wedding night that her husband has murdered her father and can hardly wait to do her in, runs and runs—when she isn't travelling in trains, cars and buses. It ought to be exciting, but somehow fails to engage, like a worn zip fastener.

"PAID IN FULL."—A tear-jerker of the first water, in which two sisters (Lizabeth Scott and Diana Lynn) love the same man (Robert Cummings) and are hereditarily disposed to die in childbirth. Miss Lynn has a baby and survives, but Miss Scott accidentally kills it. To settle her debt she has a child by her brother-in-law and dies, leaving the baby to her bereaved sister. Whatever else may be said about this picture, nobody can deny that the idea is original.

"SAND."—A Technicolor fancy about a runaway circus stallion with a complex, who escapes from a blazing railway truck and goes berserk, in the wide open spaces where a horse is a horse.

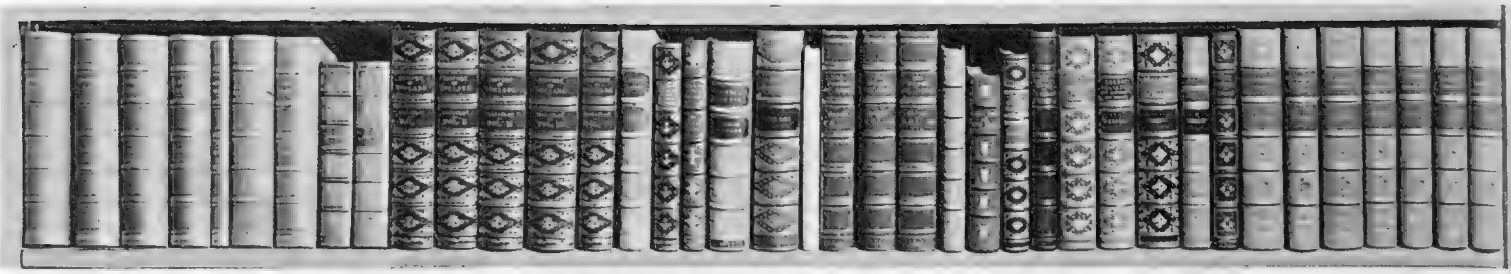
Eric Williams' famous story of his escape from a P.O.W. camp during the last war has been adapted for the screen under its original title, *The Wooden Horse*. All twelve major rôles are played by ex-Service men, three of whom were also P.O.W.s ; three-quarters of the film, which is not yet completed, has been shot in Germany. Picture shows Leo Genn (right), as Peter, with David Tomlinson, as Phil, carrying the "wooden horse" out into the prison compound.

Seven Days to Noon is a thriller produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and due to be seen in London in April. The story concerns a scientist, Professor Willingdon, who is engaged on very secret Government research ; his disappearance, and the widespread search that is made for him. Picture shows the Professor (Barry Jones) with variety artiste Goldie (Olive Sloane) at the moment when he is posting a vital letter to 10, Downing Street. "Trixie," the King Charles spaniel, also plays an important part in the film.

. . . and PREVIEWS

Jennifer Jones plays the part of Hazel Woodus, the wild, innocent, half-gypsy heroine of Mary Webb's novel *Gone to Earth*, in a screen adaptation by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. David Farrar and Cyril Cusack have the other leading rôles in this not yet completed Technicolor production.

Coleen Gray is a comparatively new Hollywood star who was chosen by Frank Capra to play opposite Bing Crosby in the Paramount film *Riding High*. This is a romantic comedy with music, songs and a racing background. It is due to be seen at the Plaza, Piccadilly, in the early spring.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A FEARFUL JOY. By Joyce Cary.
(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)

MR. CARY'S new novel might have been dictated on a fast journey and be intended for the entertainment of passengers on an airliner. It has an affectation of breathless speed, as though the author heard a voice telling him all the time to come along and not waste time on details. A paragraph may dispose of a couple of lives, a love-story and a career. But this does not represent a genuine economy; it is a kind of condensation which results in vertigo rather than attentiveness from the reader.

• JOYCE CARY

The story is that of Tabitha Baskett, a doctor's daughter, and it stretches from the 'eighties to the present day. The characterisation is laid on with a trowel, and when Tabitha is seduced by a bounder he is *such* a bounder that one supposes that Mr. Cary is playing with a paradox and will presently show him to be a misunderstood hero, especially when one finds that the man's name is Bonser. But no, he 's just what he appears to be, and keeps cropping up as the story goes on, each time more phoney and vulgar than the last, but always able to play on Tabitha's sensibilities.

Tabitha becomes a suburban *salonière*, then the wife and widow of an energetic iron-master who dies penniless. She marries Bonser, becomes a grandmother, and finally a great-grandmother. But as one never knows in the least what kind of person she is, but only sees a series of pictures of her as mistress, wife, mother and eccentric old lady, the effect of her living through the swift decades is rather lost. These pictures, it is true, are strongly etched, the faces and figures recognisable. But there are no half-tones or distances and the colours are crude.

★

GENTLE GREAVES.
By Ernest Raymond. *(Cassell ; 12s. 6d.)*

THIS is another imaginary life-story, this time of a man, a successful and idealistic publisher called Sir Theodore Allan Mourne. We see him first as an amiably pompous boy with a cruel and selfish mother, and with a garrulous old pet of a retired General as father. The General calls him Doric and spoils him, remaining himself well to the forefront of the story, a raucous and rakish Colonel Newcome.

Doric's life is complicated by one of those outsize romances which were popular in the fiction of thirty years ago. He loves a girl called Gentle Greaves with a rich and wordy passion that persists from their childhood to Gentle's death in giving birth to his daughter. As Doric has married the usual nice understanding woman and Gentle has a coarsely popular Irish doctor as a husband, this means a good deal of heart-break and pity. We see Doric both at the beginning and end of the book as a charming old man who likes playing with children and visiting the graves of his father and Gentle, and the story itself is in the form of a memoir written for the enlightenment of his daughter.

It is easy to find fault with the book. Parts of it are frankly preposterous, and the sentiment grows mawkish occasionally, if not actually slobbering. And yet Mr. Raymond can write magnificently at times, and never lets slip one's attention. It is a long book, but I was never tempted to skip or hurry, and happily gave myself up to the story, accepting its improbabilities and twists with an affectionate ease. I recommend it unequivocally to readers who like to be "lost" in a book, to live for a time with its characters, rejoice and suffer with them, without applying too stringent standards. For when it comes to sheer story-telling Mr. Raymond, like other writers of his generation, can make many of our clever young moderns appear as fumbling amateurs.

★

THE DESERT OF LOVE. By François Mauriac.
(Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 10s. 6d.)

THIS book consists of two short novels, the title-piece and *The Enemy* (*Le Mal*), which have both been excellently translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins. The first is a study of a father and son in their respective relationships with a woman called Maria Cross. The father is a dim industrious doctor who, in his own family, rarely looks up from the pages of medical journals. He attends Maria and day-dreams himself into love with her. The boy adores her from a distance, is encouraged by her, but feels himself snubbed and humiliated when he makes his only direct approach. This humiliation haunts him and influences his whole life. Years later he meets her again and finds her polite but oblivious, while towards his father she behaves enigmatically. The father and son, who in the latter's boyhood found no common ground, are now able to discuss the matter, for "there was more than paternity between them, there was another tie of blood. They were related in their common feeling for Maria Cross," and Raymond is "appalled to think how heavily one human being may, without wishing it, weigh in the scales of another's destiny."

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

The second story is that of a young man brought up by a very devout mother. His elder brother is intended for the priesthood, and when he dies the mother hopes that Fabien will take his place. But Fabien is living with a frivolous and beautiful woman whom he had met at his mother's house, and associating with a number of artistic cosmopolitans. There are circumstances which bring him back to his mother's care, and there, says M. Mauriac, his story should rightly begin, but "how is one to describe the secret of a man who struggles to subdue his earthy heritage, that drama which finds expression neither in words nor gestures? Where is the artist who may dare to imagine the processes and shifts of the great protagonist—Grace? It is the mark of our slavery and of our wretchedness that we can, without lying, paint a faithful portrait only of the passions." A conclusion which I find proper to this story, but profoundly depressing.

★

FREQUENT HEARSES.
By Edmund Crispin. *(Gollancz ; 9s.)*

AS a writer of detective novels Mr. Crispin has grown up, and, of course, sentimental as I am in this matter, I regret it. I railed against his undergraduate cleverness, but now that he writes a straightforward crime story without the sparkling digressions and slapstick repartee of his earlier books, I am sorry, as it were, that I spoke. The plot is as good as ever, the investigation as painstaking and logical, the murders as plentiful and the exposition as detailed as before. But I miss the lurid nonsense of previous books.

We start with a suicide, and Mr. Crispin makes it thoroughly clear that it is nothing but a suicide. We find eventually that it is the cause of the murders which follow, not, as so often happens, an offshoot in a murder plot. It brings Gervase Fen and Inspector Humbleby on the scene and ready for the first murder, a little matter of poisoning, for which no one has to wait long. This is followed by two more, so that one generation of a family is almost obliterated. Perhaps Mr. Crispin is stretching our faith rather far when he asks us to watch this triple crime being completed before there is any effective stop put to the killer's actions. But never mind, it all goes with a swing—except the murderer, who is sent to Broadmoor. On the whole, a top-of-the-list recommendation to readers of detective novels.

Books in Brief

HENRY JANE OF FARRENHAVEN.
By Richard Phibbs. *(Wingate ; 8s. 6d.)*

Interesting. The author opens brilliantly with a picture of an Irish household and the murder of a landowner, but tails away into a drearily conventional picture of Bohemian London. But he writes well at times, and will, I think, write better.

THE WHITE SOUTH.
By Hammond Innes. *(Collins ; 9s. 6d.)*

Stark adventure story of the Antarctic.

THE BITTER SEASON.
By R. M. Coates. *(Gollancz ; 8s. 6d.)*

Acid psychological study of a man who could not take his part in the Services during the war.

A DICTIONARY OF CAT LOVERS.
By Christabel Aberconway. *(Joseph ; 30s.)*

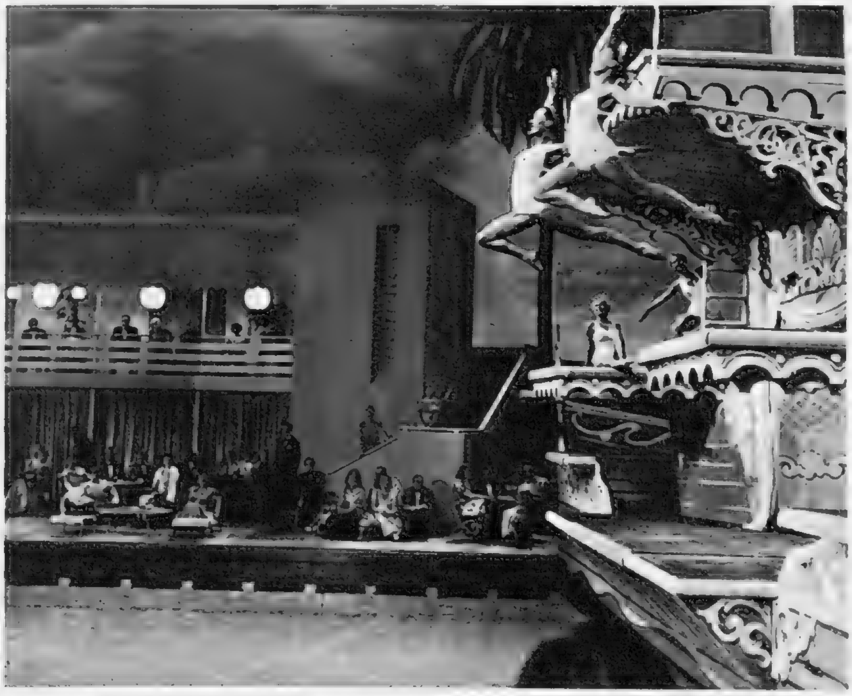
An exhaustive biographical collection, splendidly illustrated. It cannot be left off the shelves of any lover of "the tiger in the house."

GUARD OF HONOUR.
By James Gould Cozzens. *(Longmans ; 12s. 6d.)*

This has been called, and with justice, a "fine, almost definitive picture of life as it was led by the American Air Force."

'SWIMSUIT SEQUENCE OF "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

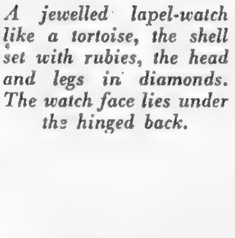
E finale of M.G.M.'s Technicolor comedy-musical, *Neptune's Daughter*, at the Empire, Leicester Square, is a wonderful swimming and diving gala, from which these shots are taken. Precision dancing, diving and swimming—a feature of the sequence—gives the girls pictured here the hallucinatory effect of mid-air suspension to a mathematical formula. When you know that ous aquatic ace Esther Williams—in the top-left shot—plays eminine lead, you will, of course, expect, and get, the best.



Sparkling Accessories

THE JEWELLER'S CRAFT IN DESIGN AND DETAIL IS A SKILL AS PRECIOUS AS THE STONES IT ENSHRINES

Three contemporary beauties dressed for an important social function. Greer Garson's gown is thickly encrusted with pearls and beading. Drop pearls fringe the corsage. Around her neck a simple diamond necklet. Moira Lister sports huge diamond pendant ear-rings; Margaret Lockwood a diamond-studded collar.



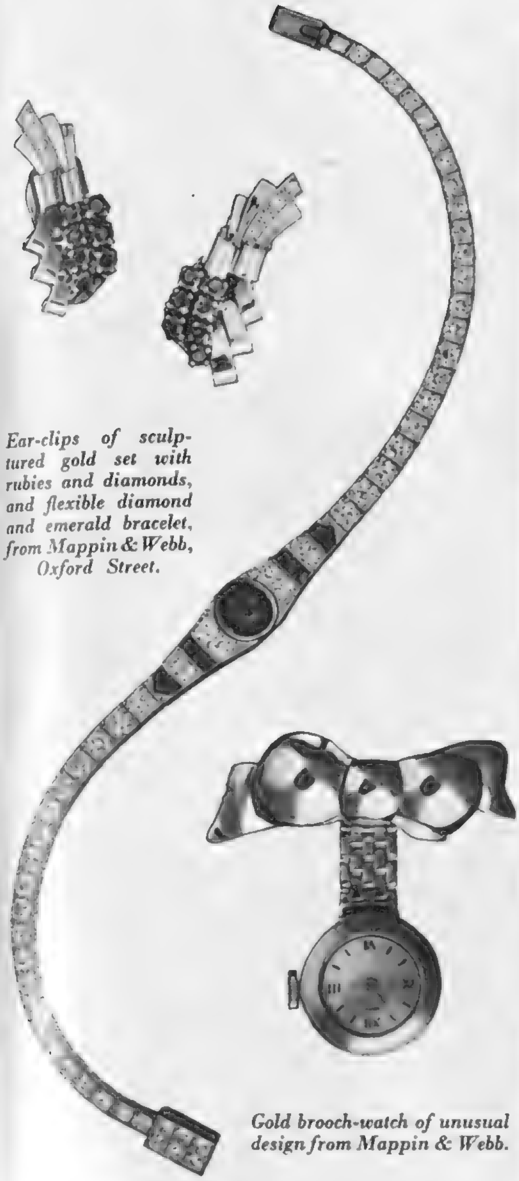
A jewelled lapel-watch like a tortoise, the shell set with rubies, the head and legs in diamonds. The watch face lies under the hinged back.

WHERE are we going with our jewellery? Do the jewels of to-day or styles of the past provide clues to the trends of the future? Not really—for these trends depend on many things.

Modern evening gowns with plunging necklines call for long, important necklaces, short-cropped hair for dangling ear-rings, piled-high coiffures for jewelled hair ornaments. New materials like rayon and flimsy chiffon give rise to less heavy jewel forms, for the delicacy of these fabrics cannot support heavy Edwardian pieces. Mechanical developments, too, are faithfully reflected in jewellery. When that newfangled machine, the bicycle, appeared, designers celebrated it in diamond brooches; when the first aeroplane soared into the sky, it gave wings to their imaginations. The charm bracelet, a favourite of almost every age, faithfully reflects

(Continued opposite.

Typical of contemporary design is this "snake" choker, matching ear-clips and bracelet, of flexible segmented gold, designed on the spring principle by R. C. King, Watford.



Ear-clips of sculptured gold set with rubies and diamonds, and flexible diamond and emerald bracelet, from Mappin & Webb, Oxford Street.

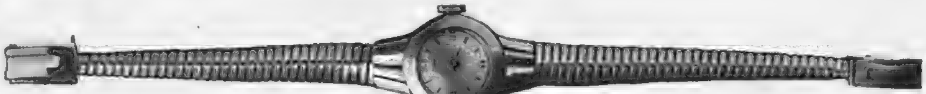
Gold brooch-watch of unusual design from Mappin & Webb.

Three Edwardian beauties dressed for the wedding of King George and Queen Mary—the Princess Royal, the Queen of Denmark and Queen Alexandra. Each wears a tiara, imposing but weighty affairs studded with diamonds. Hair was piled high, ear-rings small and neat to give full importance to the neck, richly adorned with necklaces of the most complicated design. Dress fabrics, like wallpapers, were festooned with floral patterns.

Pearls to-day can be pretty without being precious. These, with large decorative fasteners which can be worn in front, are made by Leonard Aliman, of Leicester.

the sentiments of each. Grandmama's charms were four-leaf clovers, old boots, and horseshoes. The gleaming miniatures dangling from our own wrists are cocktail shakers, gramophones, and cigarette-holders. She did not know, as we do, "fashion jewellery"—worn for a season or two and then discarded.

Designers to-day pay much attention to "movement." Flexibility of modern settings enables stones to show brilliant rays at the slightest quiver, rather than, as with a rigid setting, to sparkle only with the whole movement of the wearer. Another post-war development is the realisation that one piece of jewellery may contain in itself the contents of a jewel-case. An important necklace might be divisible into bracelet, ear-clips and dress-clips. The advantages are not so much economical as psychological, for it appeals to the love of change inherent in every woman.



A watch of modern design. The gold segments taper away to the fastener. Mappin & Webb.

Melvillainy
CANDIDATES
By Alan Melville

VOTE FOR . . .

Vote for good old Alfie Fann,
Who loves to drop his aitches.
A mind to suit the working man
Not lah-di-dah, like Strachey's.
A simple, straight, home-loving type
Who spends his hols in Nice ;
Who says he likes stewed eels and tripe
(But much prefers Caprice).

VOTE FOR . . .

Vote for Lord Pullworthy's son
Who hopes to hold the seat
His father gained in '91
And never knew defeat.
At last the old man 's stepped aside
For Youth must have its fling ;
Vote for his son, George Fitzroy-Hyde,
Who doesn't know a thing.

VOTE FOR . . .

Vote for Dame Ermyntrude Small
Whose aim in life has been
To fight for Better Homes for All
And State-Controlled Hygiene.
Slums, filth and dirt this gallant Dame
Will do her best to wreck ;
Still she omits, which seems a shame,
To wash behind the neck.

VOTE FOR . . .

Vote for J. H. Blathershop,
Reliable, if dim.
No brick he 's ever known to drop ;
No gaffe 's been made by him.
A model Member, staunch and true,
He neither smokes nor drinks.
He does what others tell him to
And rarely speaks—or thinks.

VOTE FOR . . .

Vote for that brilliant Hugh K. Squibb
Whose star 's in the ascendant ;
Who has been Labour, Con., and Lib.,
And now is Independent.
Who writes and travels, lectures too ;
His broadcasts—one adores them.
Who, once the voters vote for Hugh,
Quite callously ignores them.

GAY DOG

"I used to think this dog had breeding — but alas, after last night . . ."

"Don't tell me he devoured the Sunday chop."

"No, a policeman's leg. Resisting arrest in the small hours. Fell in with a couple of terriers and was found barking at a statue."

"Which reminds me, Gerald, of the night you delivered an address to Eros in indifferent Greek and hung a nose-bag on Gladstone."

"The intemperance of youth! Ever since I learnt the basic principle of diluting one's gin with Rose's Lime Juice, I can look back on a Saturnalia without distress."

"What about a couple of Rose's now, basically diluted with gin?"

ROSE'S—*for Gin and Lime*

Come nearer the Sun . . .

The early flowers are sunning themselves already in our lovely gardens at The Imperial Hotel, Torquay. Come *now* and enjoy an earlier Spring . . . with all the comforts and smiling service of a famous hotel. Your own sea frontage, tennis, squash, ballroom — golf nearby. Write for Brochure E or 'phone 4301.

The *Imperial*
TORQUAY

The English Hotel in the Mediterranean Manner

NO CAR RISES TO THE GREAT OCCASION

AS FITTINGLY AS

THE DAIMLER

D.47

Don't be vague—
ASK *first* FOR
Haig

No finer Whisky
goes into
any bottle

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

ENGAGEMENTS

A marriage has been arranged between:

George ffolliott, son of Sir Roger and Lady Chance, of Warborough Farm, Letcombe Regis, Berkshire, and Cecilia Mary, daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Chance, of Caspidge, near Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.

Gwyn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin, of Fey House, Crowborough, Sussex, and Patricia Valerie, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Reginald and Lady Dorman-Smith, of Stodham Park, Liss, Hampshire.

Major George Rowland, M.B.E., Royal Signals, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rowland, of The Manor House, Hardwick, Aylesbury, and Charmian, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. H. G. Veasey, of Woodhill Farm House, Shamley Green, Surrey.

Peter, son of the late Sir Frederick Heaton, and of Lady Heaton, of Can Court, Cirencester, and Rachael, daughter of the late Commander P. L. Frampton, R.N., and of Mrs. P. N. FitzPatrick, of 7, New Cavendish Street, W.1.

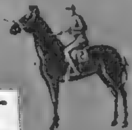
Timothy, son of Captain and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Craig, Turnberry, Ayrshire, and Susan, daughter of Sir William and Lady Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

The Hon. Simon Warrender, son of Lord Bruntisfield and of Dorothy Lady Bruntisfield, and Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Myer, of Melbourne, Australia.

William Henry, son of Col. and Mrs. Batten, of Aldon, Yeovil, and Susan Helen, daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Philip and Lady Colfox, of Symondsbury Manor, Bridport.

Lt.-Col. George Victor Chadd, T.D., son of the late Mr. G. B. Chadd, and of Mrs. E. E. Chadd, of Four Stones, Corton, Suffolk, and Margaret Collett, A.M.I.A., daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Collett, of The Knoll, Stone Road, Bromley, Kent.

Major Paul Bethell-Fox, son of the late Captain W. H. Bethell-Fox and Madame Jean Guiné, of 5, Boulevard de Charonne, Paris, and Elizabeth, daughter of Lord and Lady Leconfield, of Petworth House, Sussex.



SPORT

RACING

Feb.	3, 4.	Windsor.
,,	8, 9.	Lingfield Park.
,,	10, 11.	Hurst Park.
,,	13, 14.	Leicester.
,,	15, 16.	Chepstow.
,,	15, 16.	Doncaster.
,,	17, 18.	Sandown Park.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: Wales *v.* Scotland, at Swansea, on Feb. 4. England *v.* Ireland, at Twickenham, on Feb. 11. Royal Navy *v.* Royal Air Force, at Twickenham, on Feb. 18.

Association Football: (Amateur) England *v.* Ireland, in Ireland, on Feb. 4.

Boxing: Army *v.* London, at Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1, on Feb. 1.

Squash: Wales *v.* Scotland, at Cardiff, on Feb. 3. Wimbledon Cup Tournament, at Wimbledon, from Feb. 6. England *v.* Ireland, at R.A.C., on Feb. 10.

Fencing: President's Cup, at 1A, Tenterden Street, Hanover Sq., on Feb. 11.

Curling: British Open Championship, at Falkirk, from Feb. 6.

HUNT BALLS

The Wilton Hunt Ball at the Guildhall, Salisbury, Feb. 3.

The Garth Hunt Ball at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, Feb. 10.

The Southdown Hunt Ball at the Town Hall, Lewes, Feb. 17.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane). "Annie Get Your Gun" (Coliseum). "Traveller's Joy" (Criterion). "The Heiress" (Haymarket). "Harvey" (Prince of Wales). "Daphne Laureola" (Wyndham's). "One Wild Oat" (Garrick). "Brigadoon" (His Majesty's). "Black Chiffon" (Westminster). "Sauce Tartare" (Cambridge). "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). "Beaux' Stratagem" (Lyric). "On Monday Next" (Comedy). "Young Wives' Tale" (Savoy).

Recent Choices

"A Streetcar Named Desire" (Aldwych)—Vivien Leigh in the Broadway success by Tennessee Williams.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's newest (inevitable) musical success.

"Treasure Hunt" (Apollo)—Sybil Thorndike in Irish comedy.

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's Coal Board comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"The Philadelphia Story" (Duchess)—Margaret Leighton's engaging performance, supported by Hugh Sinclair and Robert Beatty.

"Murder at the Vicarage" (Playhouse)—A good Agatha Christie whodunit, with Barbara Mullen.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"A Lady Mislaid" (St. Martin's)—a comedy by Kenneth Horne, with Ronald Ward.

"The Schoolmistress" (Saville)—a revival of Pinero's farce, with Madge Elliott, Cyril Ritchard and Fred Emney.

"The Non-Resident" (Phœnix)—a new play by Frank Harvey, with Gordon Harker and Francis Lister.

"Hamlet" (New)—the Old Vic's fifth production of the season, Feb. 2.

"Larger than Life" (Duke of York's)—an adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel "Theatre," with Reginald Denny. Feb. 7.

"The Purple Fig Tree" (Piccadilly)—a play by a new author, George Ralli, with Margaret Rawlings and Jack Hawkins. Feb. 15.

MUSIC

At the Albert Hall:

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Solo pianoforte: Solomon. Feb. 1.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Alceo Galliera. Feb. 2. Soloist: Nicholas Medtner.

"Faust," by Berlioz; The Royal Choral Society, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Feb. 4.

London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Walter Susskind. Solo pianoforte: Amparo Iturbi. Feb. 5.

London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens. Solo oboe: Leon Goossens. Feb. 12.

National Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Walter Goehr. Solo pianoforte: Eileen Joyce. Feb. 12.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt. Solo flute: Geoffrey Gilbert. Feb. 15.

At the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane: Yehudi Menuhin and Louis Kentner, introducing the world première of the new William Walton Sonata. Feb. 5.

OPERA

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: repertoire includes Robert Helpmann's new production of "Madam Butterfly."

At the People's Palace, 325, Mile End Road: the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Feb. 6 for three weeks.

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

BALLET

At Royal Opera House, Covent Garden: "The Sleeping Beauty" at every ballet performance until Feb. 18. On Feb. 20 the first performance of "Don Quixote," a new ballet by Ninette de Valois.

At Sadler's Wells: repertoire now includes a new ballet "El Destino," by Angelo Andes.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENT

Foyle's Literary Luncheons: the 215th takes place at the Dorchester on Feb. 24. The subject is "The Woman in Fashion"; the speaker is Miss Doris Langley Moore. Guests of honour include: Lady Balcon, Mrs. James Laver, Miss Mary Malcolm, Mr. Francis Marshall, Mr. Digby Morton, Mr. Hardy Amies. Tickets from Foyle's, 125, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: "Neptune's Daughter," with Esther Williams and Red Skelton; and a new stage production "Fantasy in Black and White," with the Empire Ballet, the Empire Girls and George Melachrino's orchestra.

ART

At the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House: "Landscape in French Art, 1550-1900."

At Arts Council, 4, St. James's Square: recent tapestries woven by the Edinburgh Tapestry Co. Until Feb. 11.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum: The newly-opened galleries of Continental Art and Islamic Art.

At the Guildhall: City of London Art Exhibition. From Feb. 9.

Exhibition by Young Contemporaries at R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Until Feb. 21.

New Sculpture and Drawings by Barbara Hepworth, at Lefevre Gallery, 131, New Bond Street. From Feb. 8.

Paintings by Fred Uhlman, Charles McCall and Stephen Bone at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. From Feb. 10.

Watercolours by Chagall and Sutherland, gouaches by Ubac, at Hanover Gallery, Hanover Square.

NIGHT LIFE

Dances, Balls and Charity Entertainments

The R.A.F. Reunion Ball at the Dorchester on Feb. 3, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are patrons of the ball, and the R.A.F. Reserve Club are sponsoring it.

A Gala Night at Ciro's Club on Feb. 6, in aid of the National Playing Fields Assn. Tickets (£3 3s.) include dinner, dancing until 2 a.m., cabaret and other attractions, obtainable from Mrs. Boyer, City Hall, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

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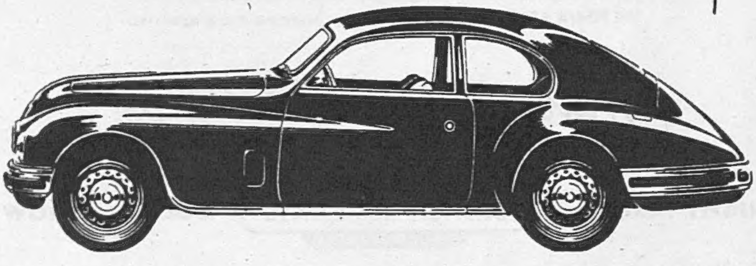

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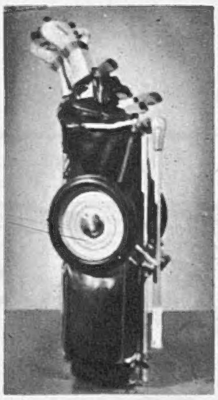

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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN *Claude Du Vall*

' . . *he robbed her, but paid for his dance*'

History relates of Claude Du Vall, one of the bolder and more handsome gentlemen of the road, that one evening he overtook a coach on Blackheath intending to rob the travellers of the £400 they carried. The lady in the coach, seeing Du Vall and his men, played upon a flageolet to show she was not afraid. Du Vall, as a compliment to her courage, played a little tune upon a similar instrument as he rode up to the coach. Then he asked her to grant him the honour of a dance. She consented, and Du Vall " performed marvels, the best masters, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French riding boots." Du Vall then took £100 from the travellers but paid for the dance by allowing them to retain the remaining £300. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of " Stand and Deliver ! "

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